



A STORY OF
THE BRONZE AGE
VOLUME II

EXT. WILDERNESS OF PARAN - DUSK





Sand sweeps across the ridges.



A boy,



who had learned how to take what the desert would not give.



Hagar approaching the blocky city of Paran.



HAGAR: "Ishmael... stay close.

The kings of Paran press harder.

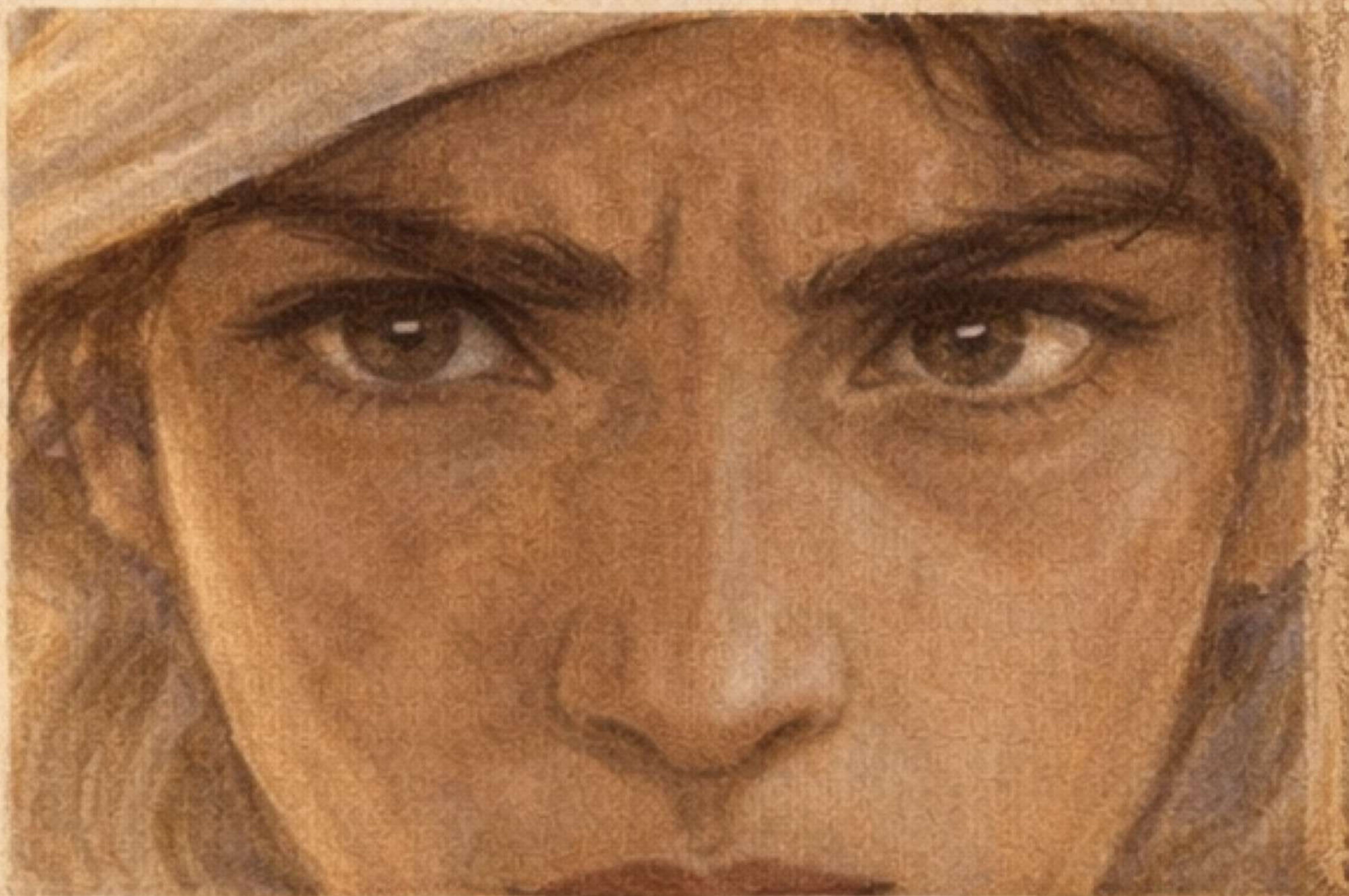
They want you to serve them."

ISHMAEL (stubborn):

"I will not kneel.

The desert is mine.

I move where the
sand moves."





Ishmael kicking dust into the wind.



Hagar turning sharply, fear breaking through.

HAGAR:

“Is this what the Lord God
had spared you for?
To fight shadows all your life?
Will you not make peace
with your brother Isaac?”



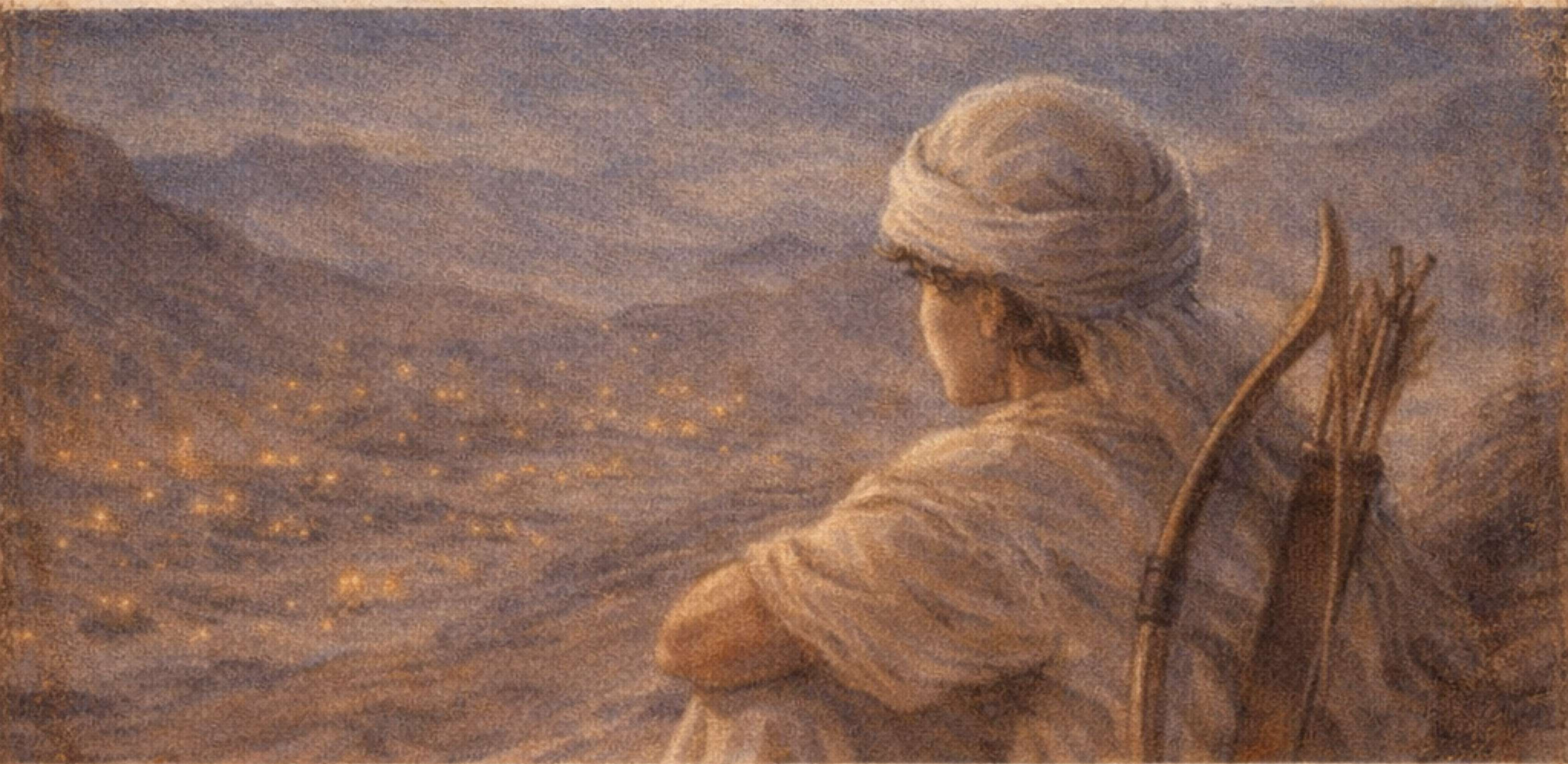


Ishmael looks away.





Hagar weeps by the fire



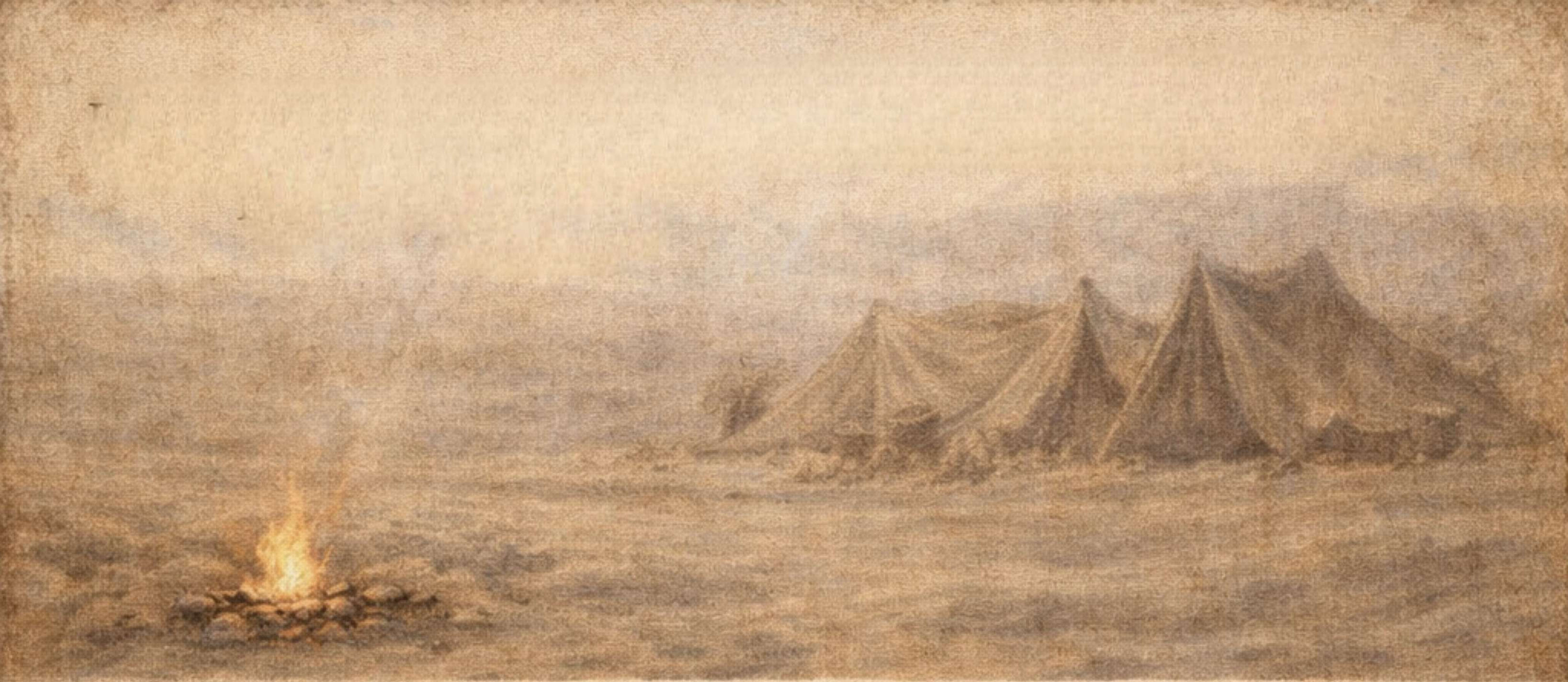
while he plans raids and watches rival tribes.

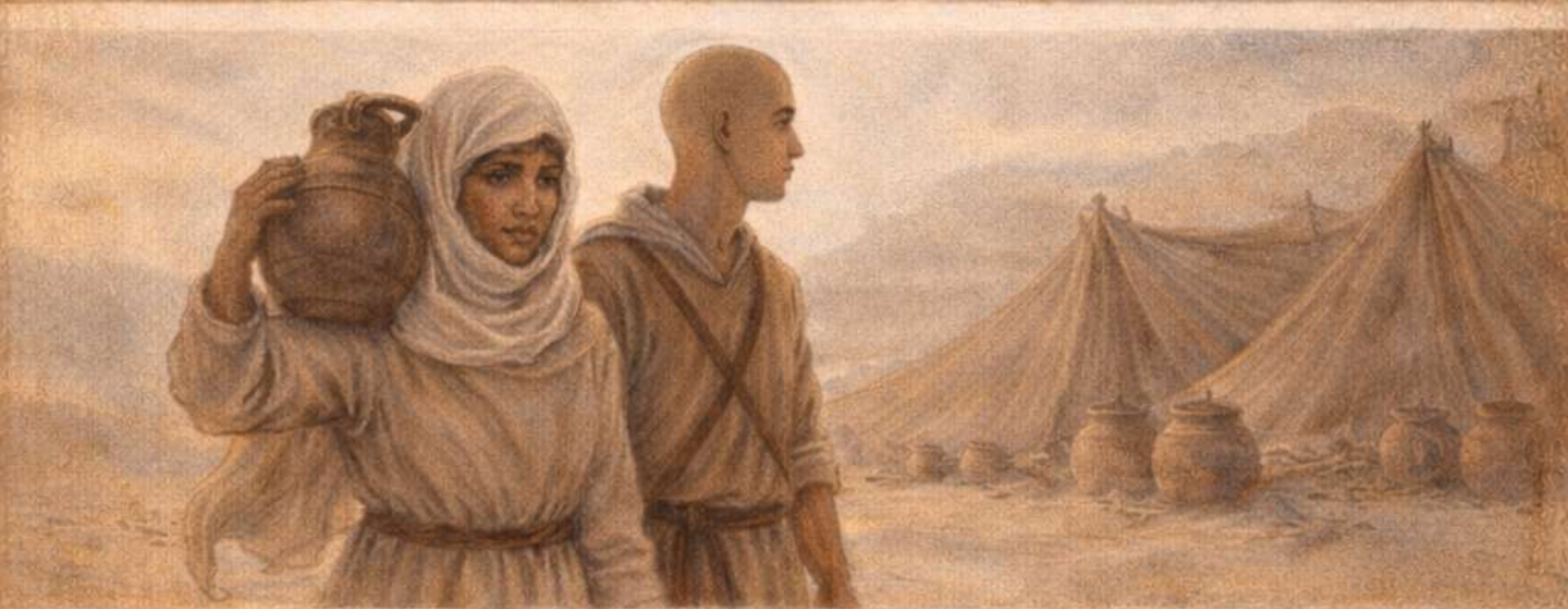




following his every-word.













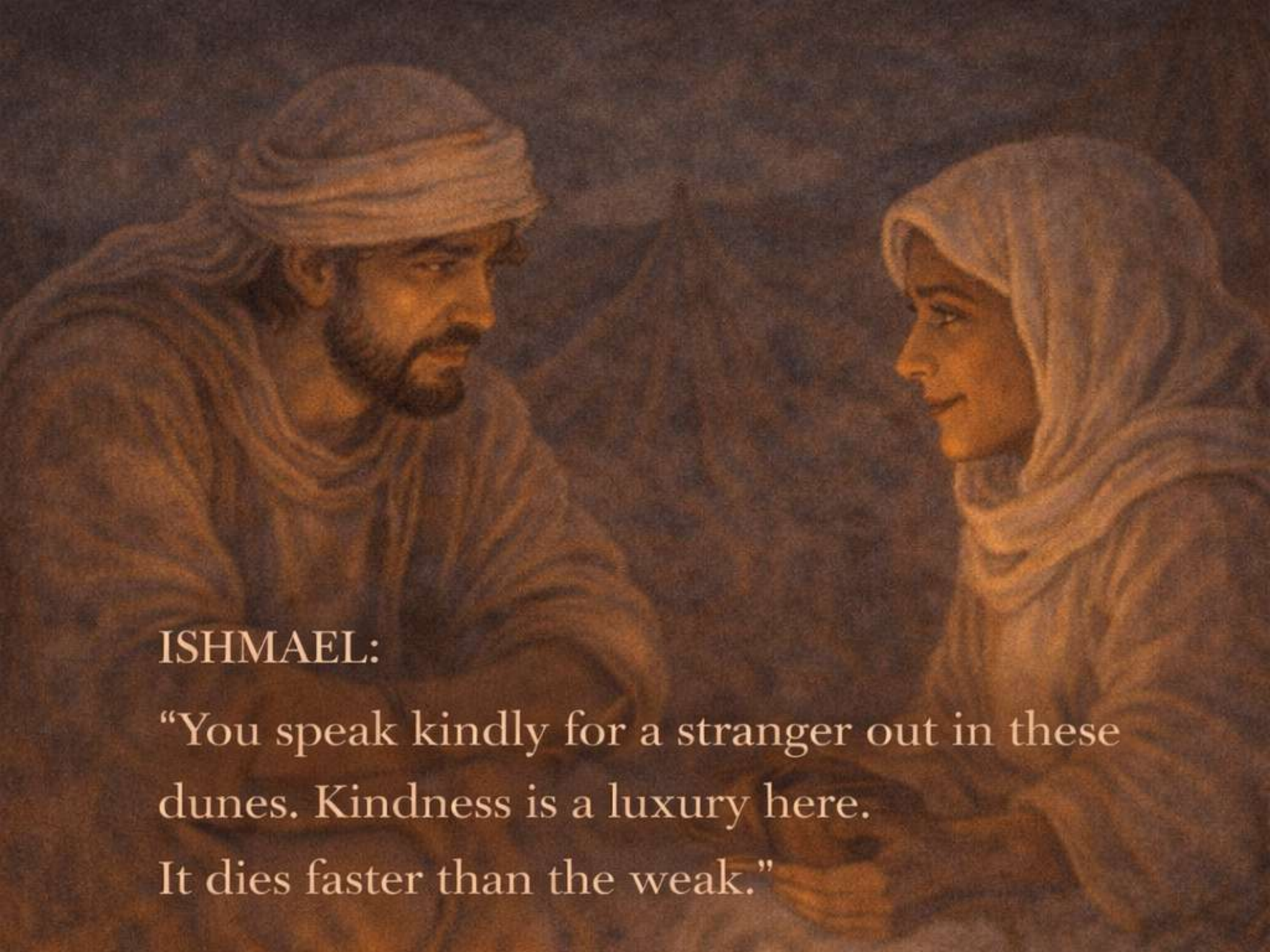




GIRL:

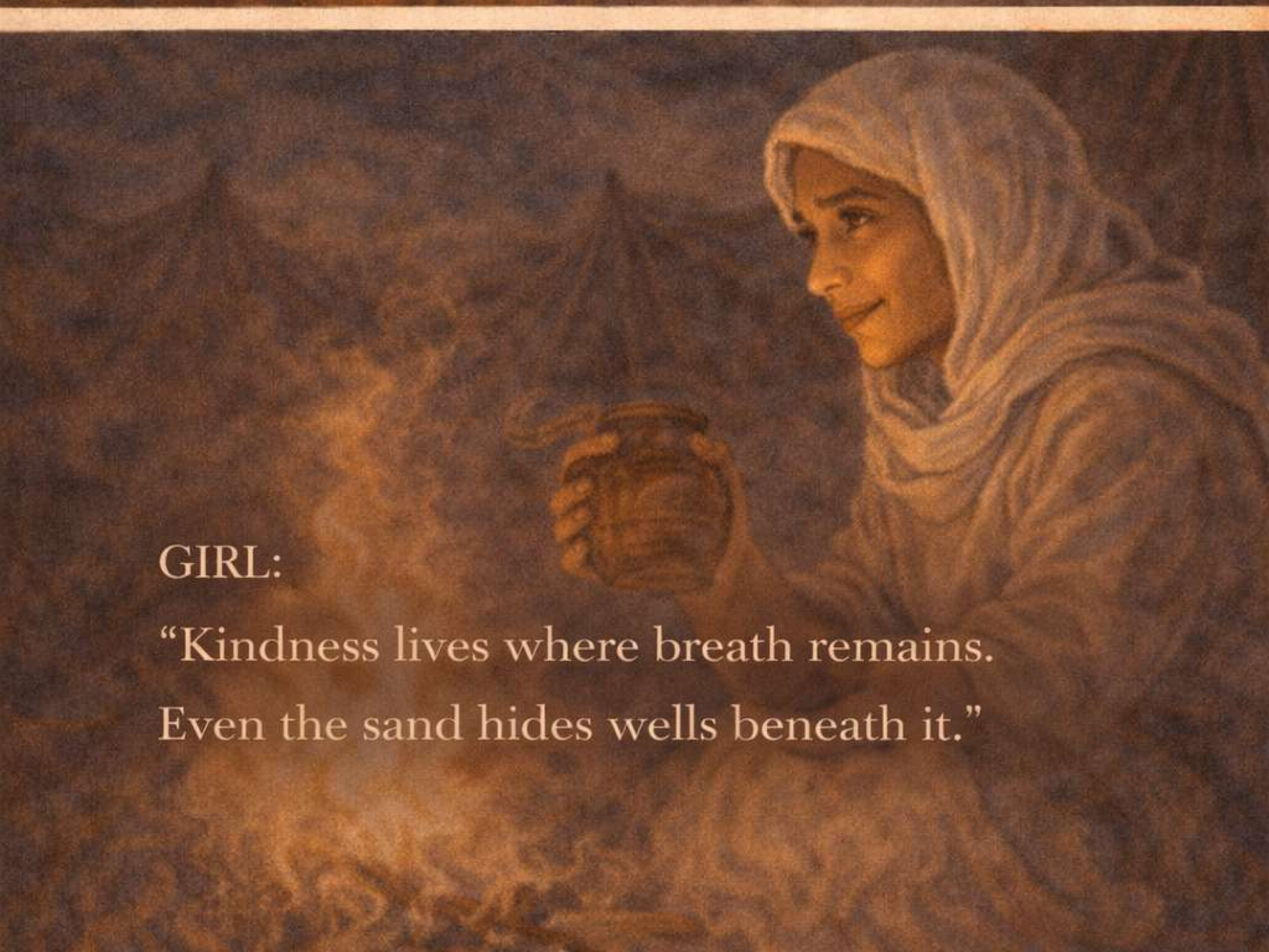
“You’ve run far, son of the wilderness.
The desert still thirsts for you.”



A man with a beard and a turban, wearing a brown robe, is shown in profile, looking towards a woman. The woman is wearing a light-colored headscarf and a matching robe, also in profile, looking back at the man. They are in a desert setting with sand dunes in the background.

ISHMAEL:

“You speak kindly for a stranger out in these dunes. Kindness is a luxury here. It dies faster than the weak.”

A woman wearing a light-colored headscarf and a matching robe is shown in profile, looking down at a small, dark, round object she is holding in her hands. The background is a desert landscape with sand dunes.

GIRL:

“Kindness lives where breath remains. Even the sand hides wells beneath it.”



Later – By the Fire

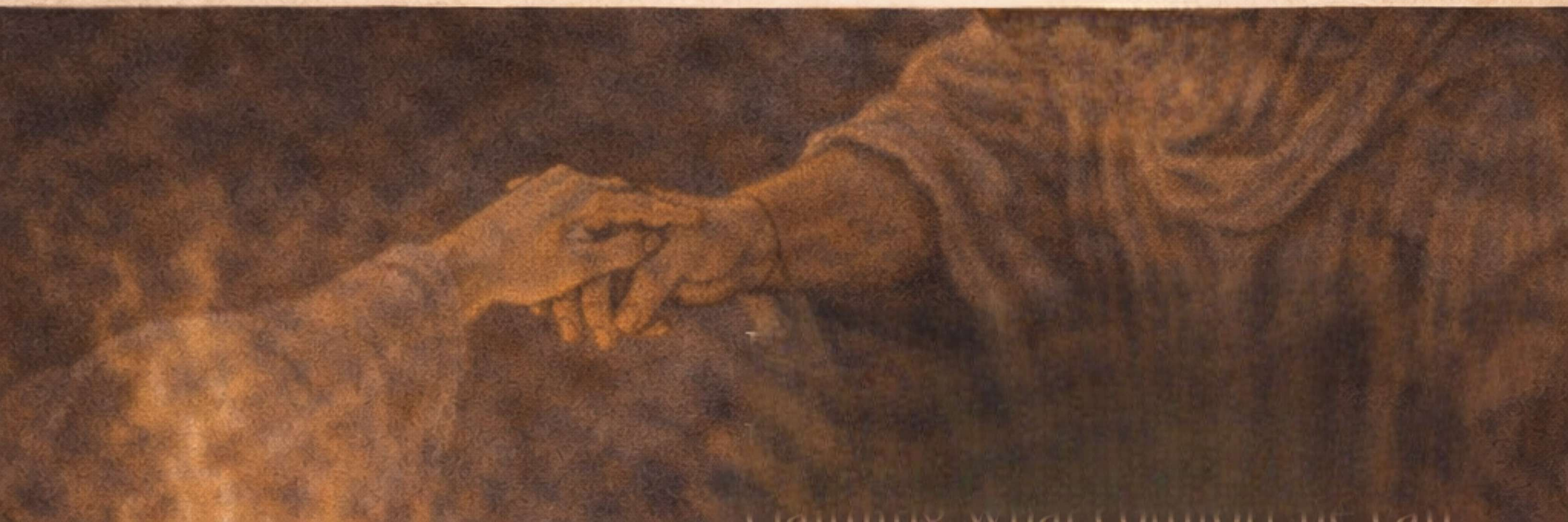
The girl tells stories of forgiveness to him

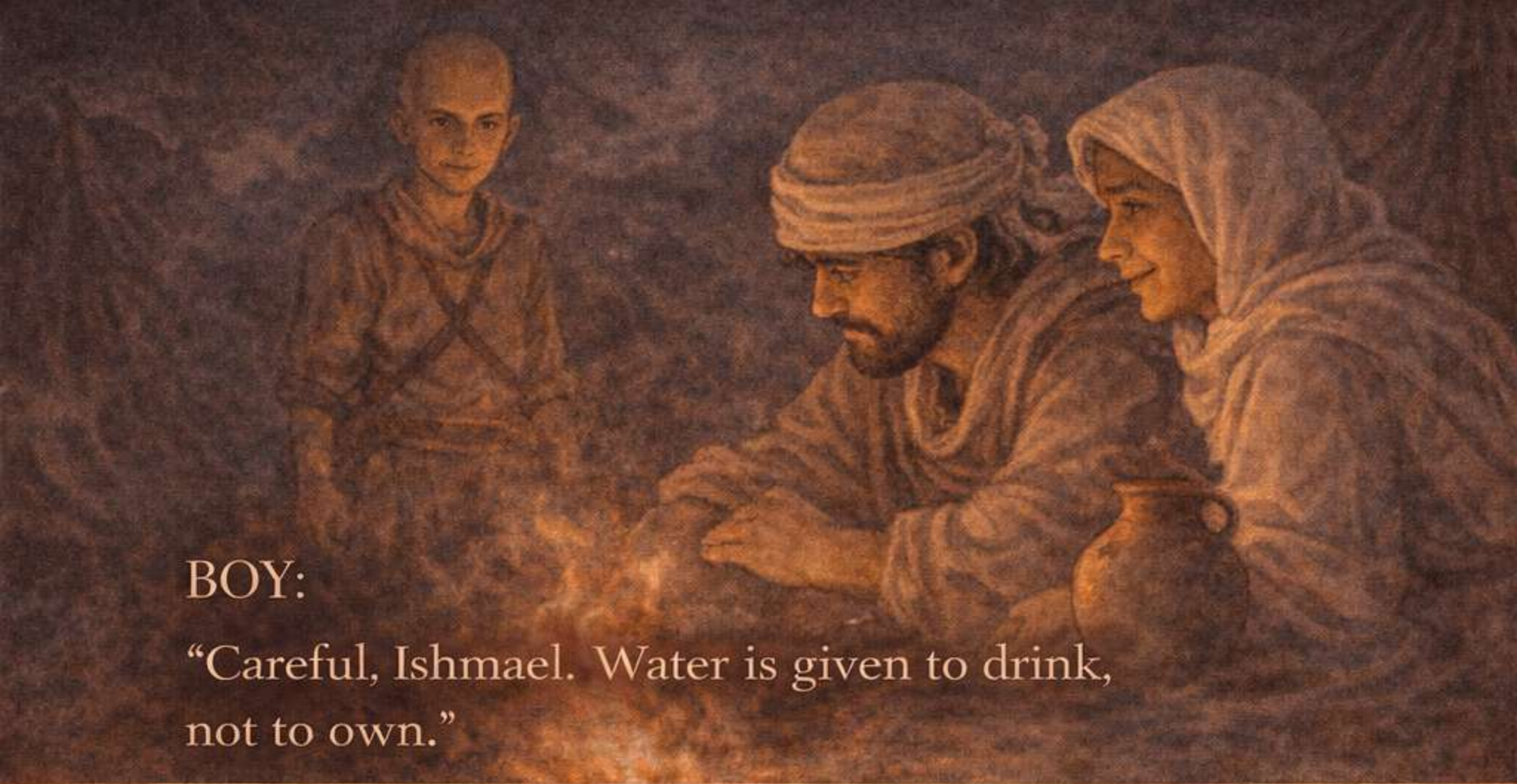




ISHMAEL:

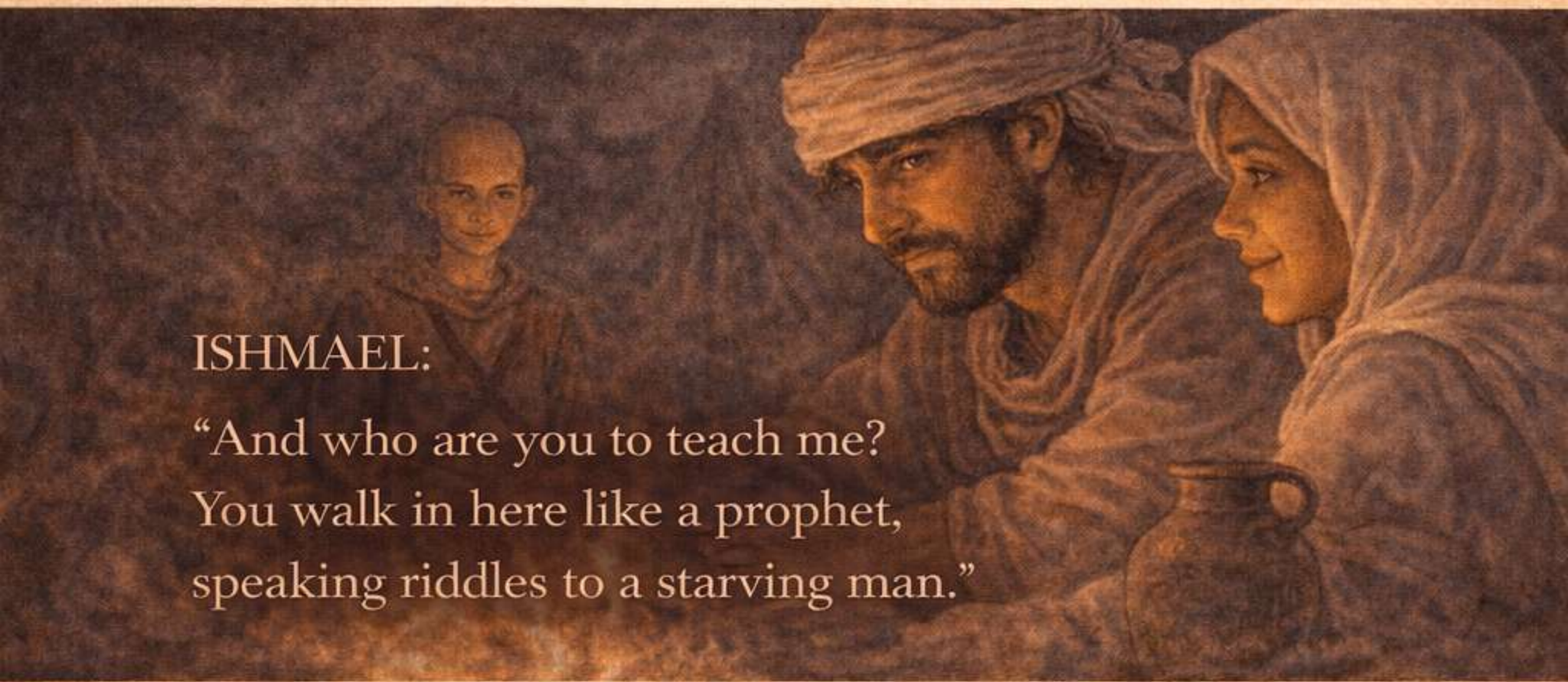
“You remind me of someone...
a voice that once called me home.
my mother...”



An illustration of a man, a woman, and a young boy sitting around a small fire in a dark, rocky cave. The man, wearing a turban and a long robe, is leaning forward with his hands near the fire. The woman, wearing a headscarf and a long robe, is sitting next to him, looking towards the boy. The boy, who is bald and wearing a simple tunic, is sitting and looking at the man. A large earthenware jar sits on the ground near the woman.

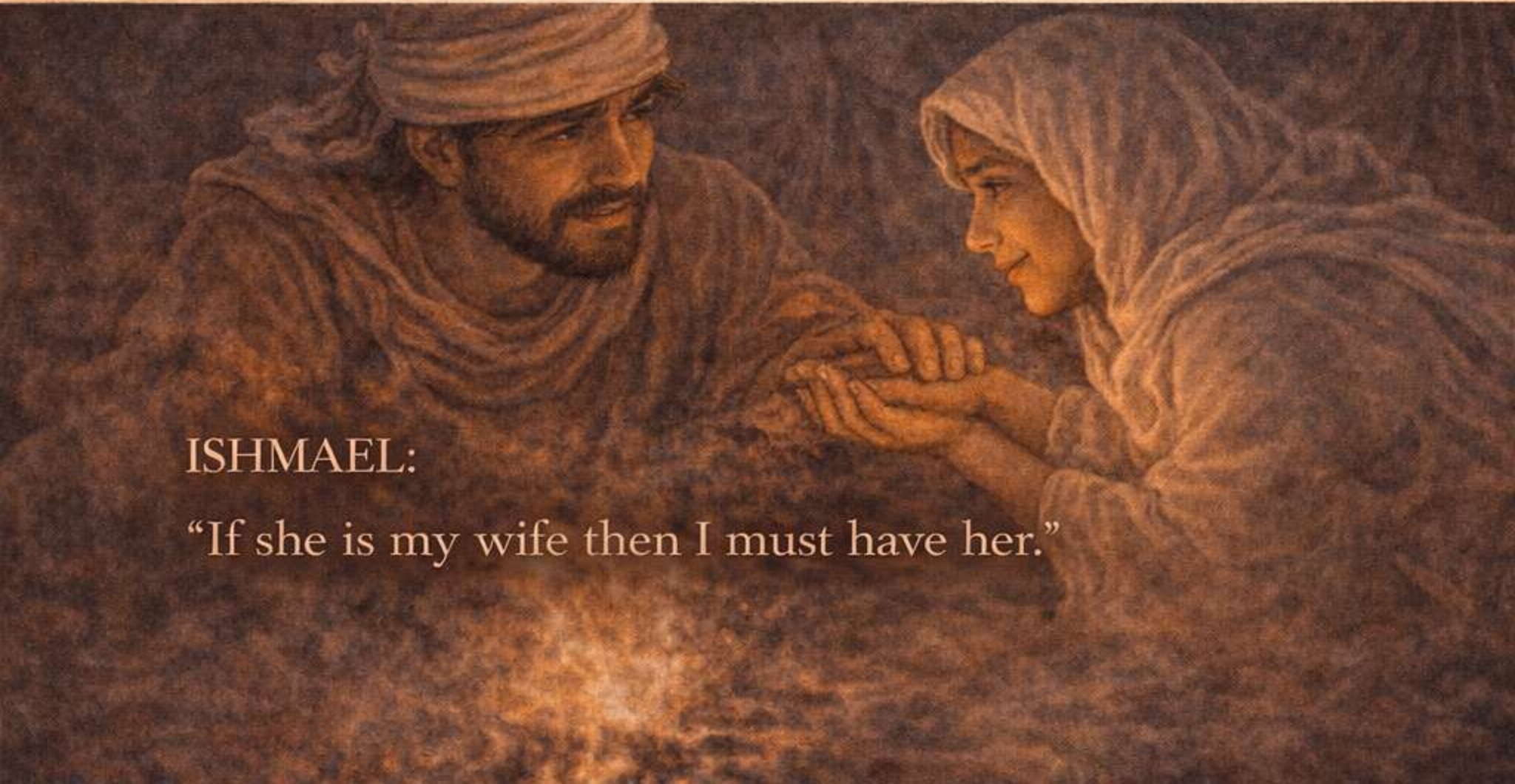
BOY:

“Careful, Ishmael. Water is given to drink,
not to own.”

An illustration of the same scene as the first panel. The man, woman, and boy are sitting by the fire. The man is looking at the boy with a serious expression. The woman is looking towards the boy. The boy is looking at the man. The fire is burning brightly, casting a warm glow on the scene.

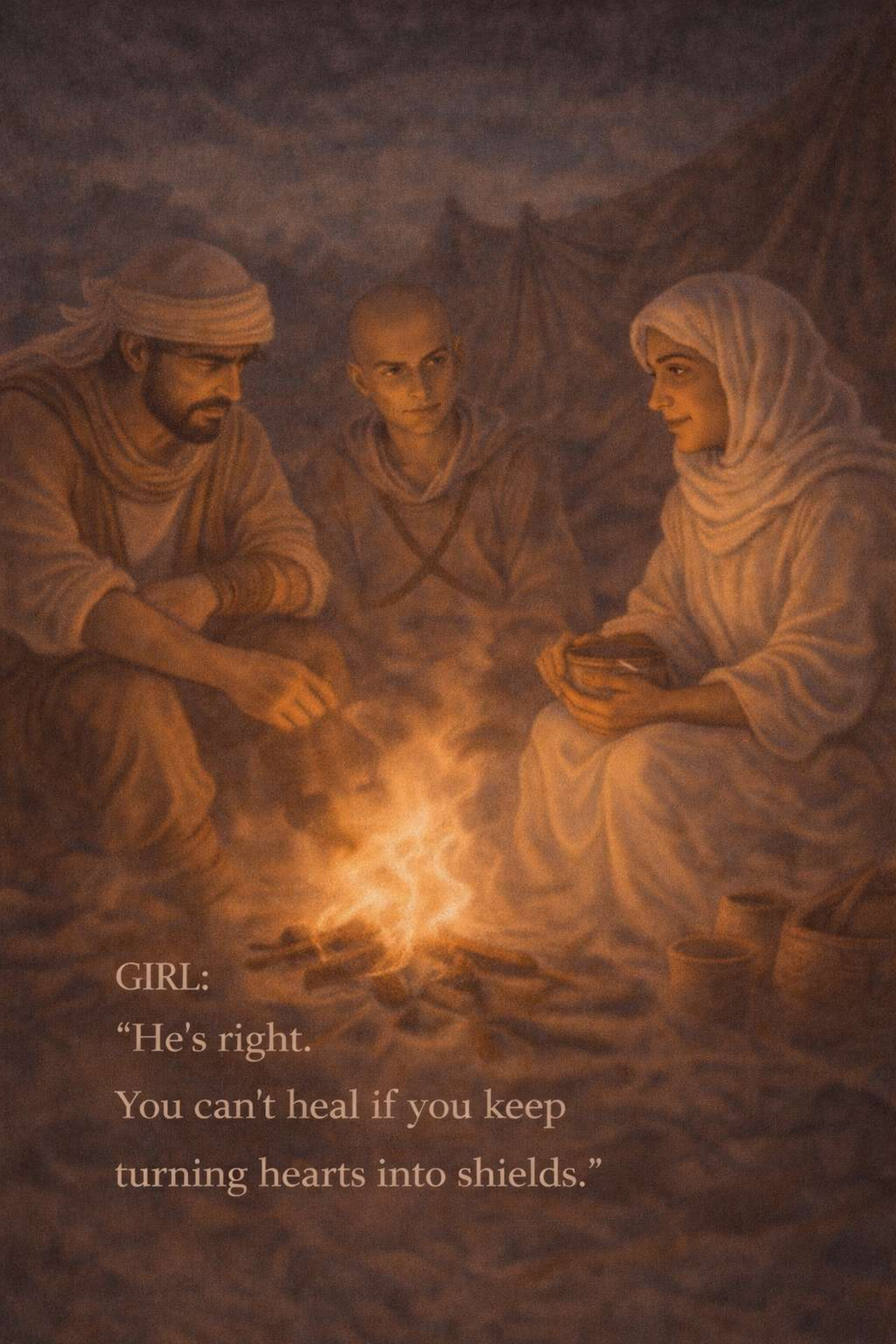
ISHMAEL:

“And who are you to teach me?
You walk in here like a prophet,
speaking riddles to a starving man.”

An illustration of the man and woman sitting by the fire. The man is looking at the woman with a serious expression. The woman is looking towards the man. The fire is burning brightly, casting a warm glow on the scene.

ISHMAEL:

“If she is my wife then I must have her.”



GIRL:

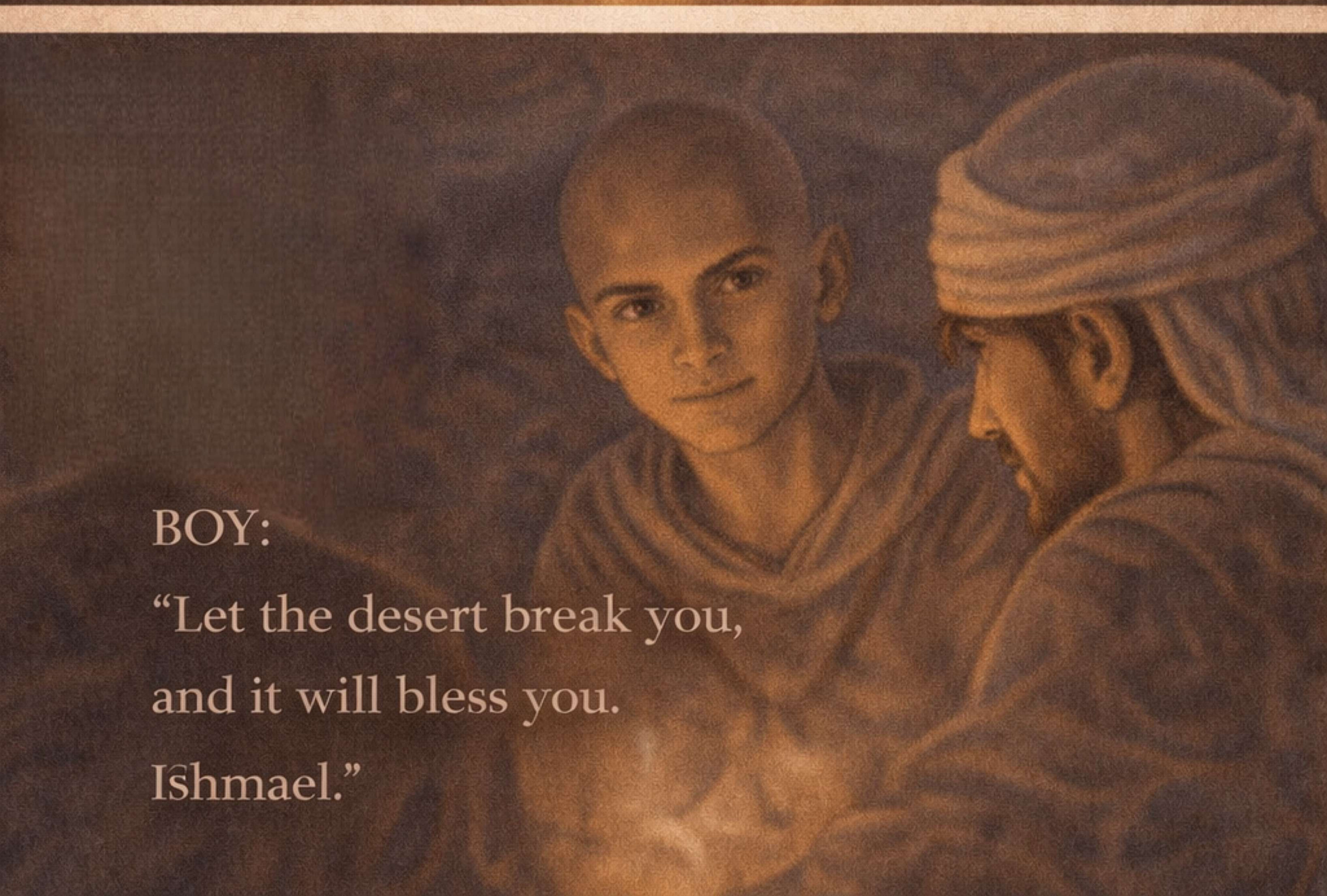
“He’s right.

You can’t heal if you keep
turning hearts into shields.”

A dramatic illustration in a dark, smoky, and dimly lit environment. On the left, a man with a beard and a white headband is shouting with his mouth wide open, looking towards the right. On the right, two women are shown in profile, looking back at him. They are wearing traditional head coverings. The overall mood is one of intense conflict or accusation.

ISHMAEL:

“I was cast out, remember?
no home.
Only sand
and hunger.”

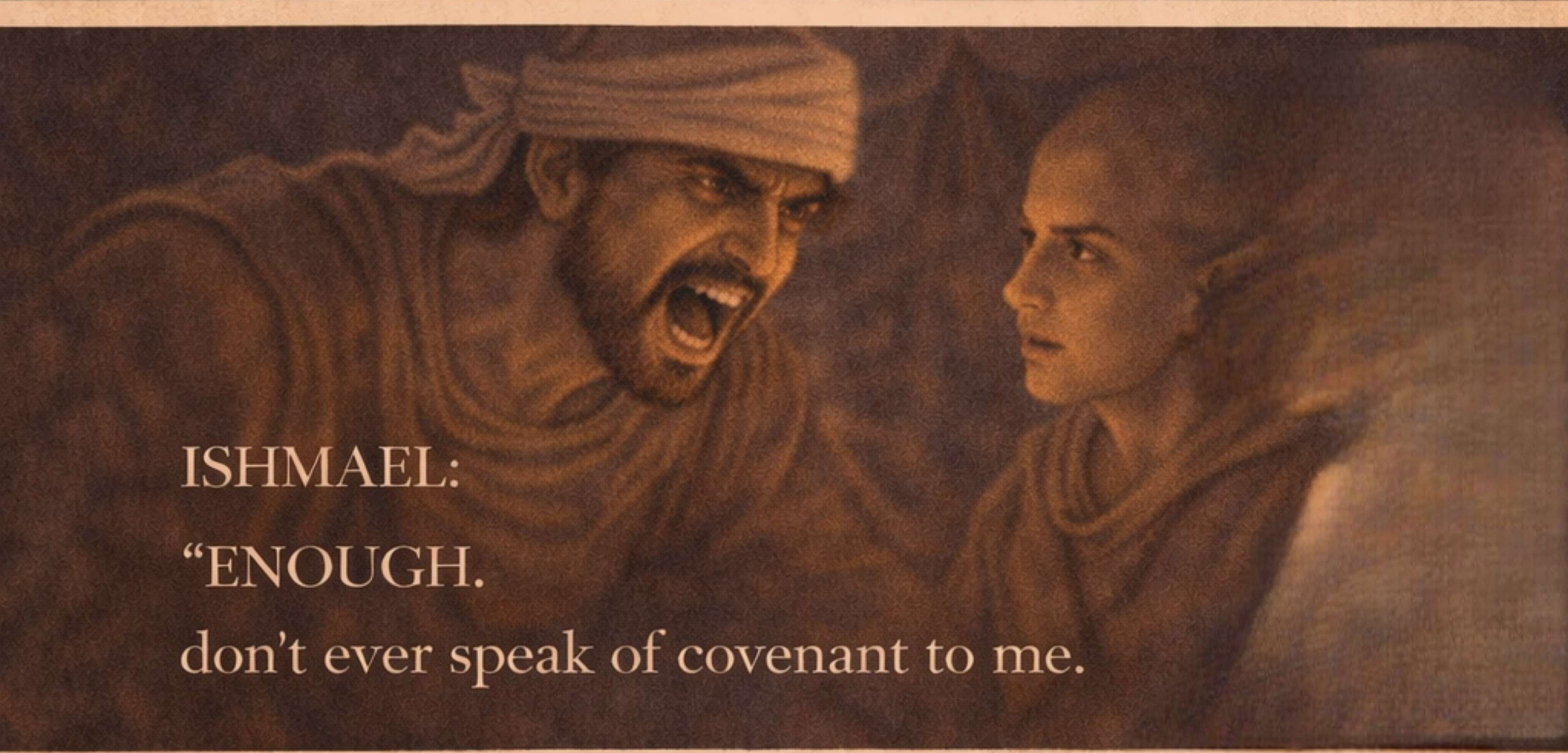
A dramatic illustration in a dark, smoky, and dimly lit environment. On the left, a young boy with a shaved head is looking directly at the viewer with a calm expression. On the right, a man with a beard and a white headband is looking down at the boy. The overall mood is one of quiet intensity or contemplation.

BOY:

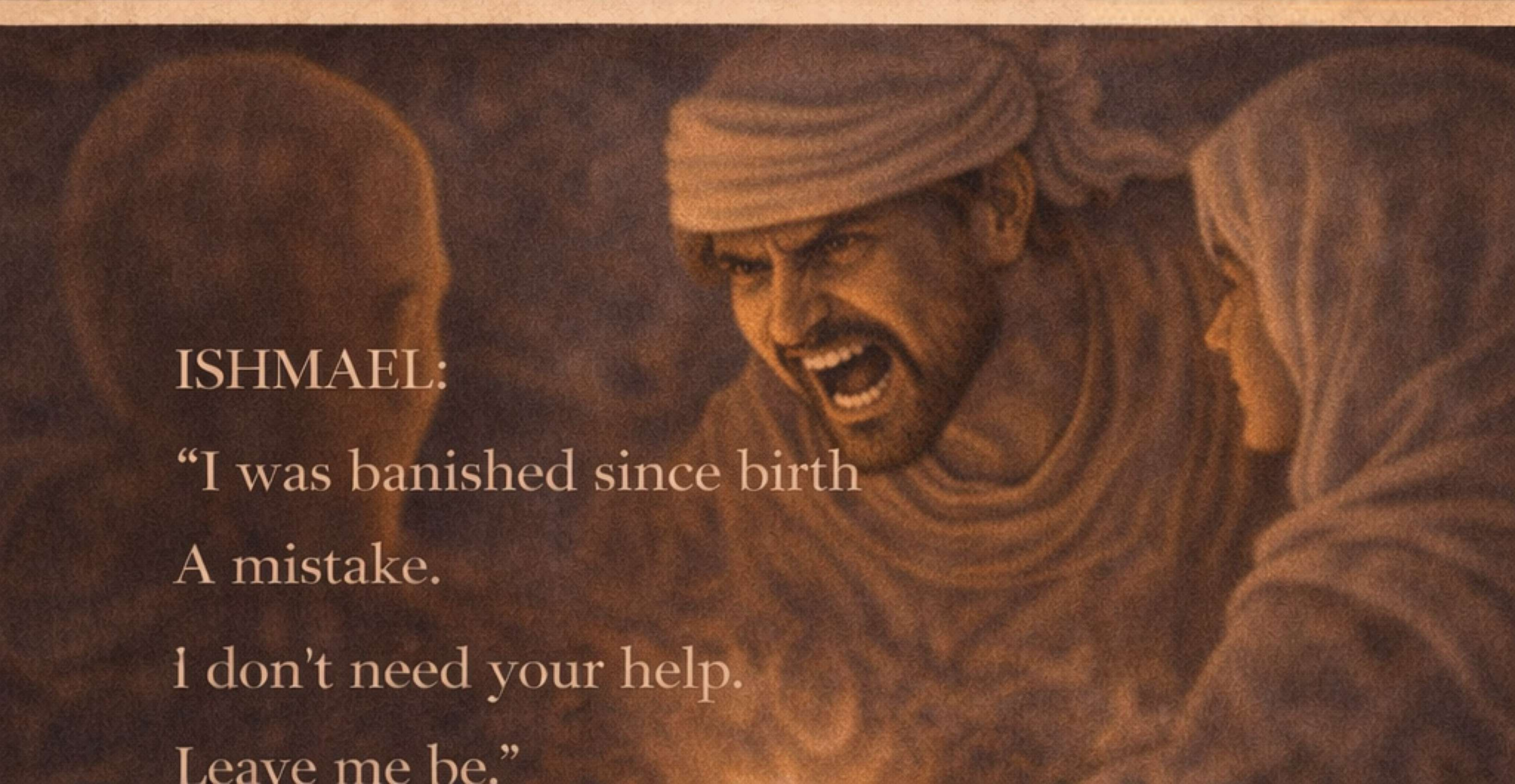
“Let the desert break you,
and it will bless you.
Ishmael.”



The fire snaps.
Something in Ishmael's chest unravels.



ISHMAEL:
“ENOUGH.
don't ever speak of covenant to me.



ISHMAEL:
“I was banished since birth
A mistake.
I don't need your help.
Leave me be.”





EXT. PARAN — AFTERNOON



ISHMAEL:

Paran will be ours

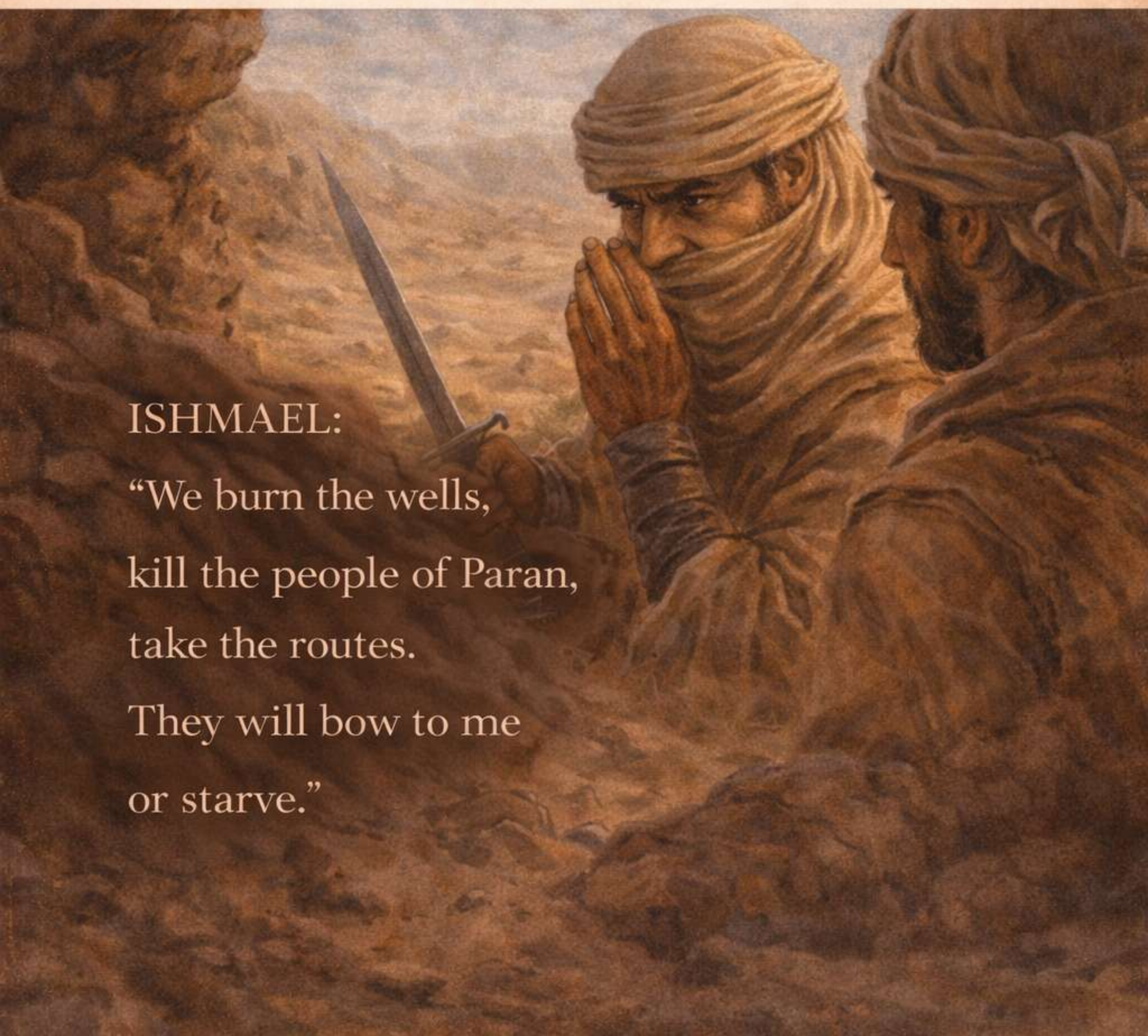
Not a wasteland — a kingdom of the dunes

we'll make them pay for what they've done to us.





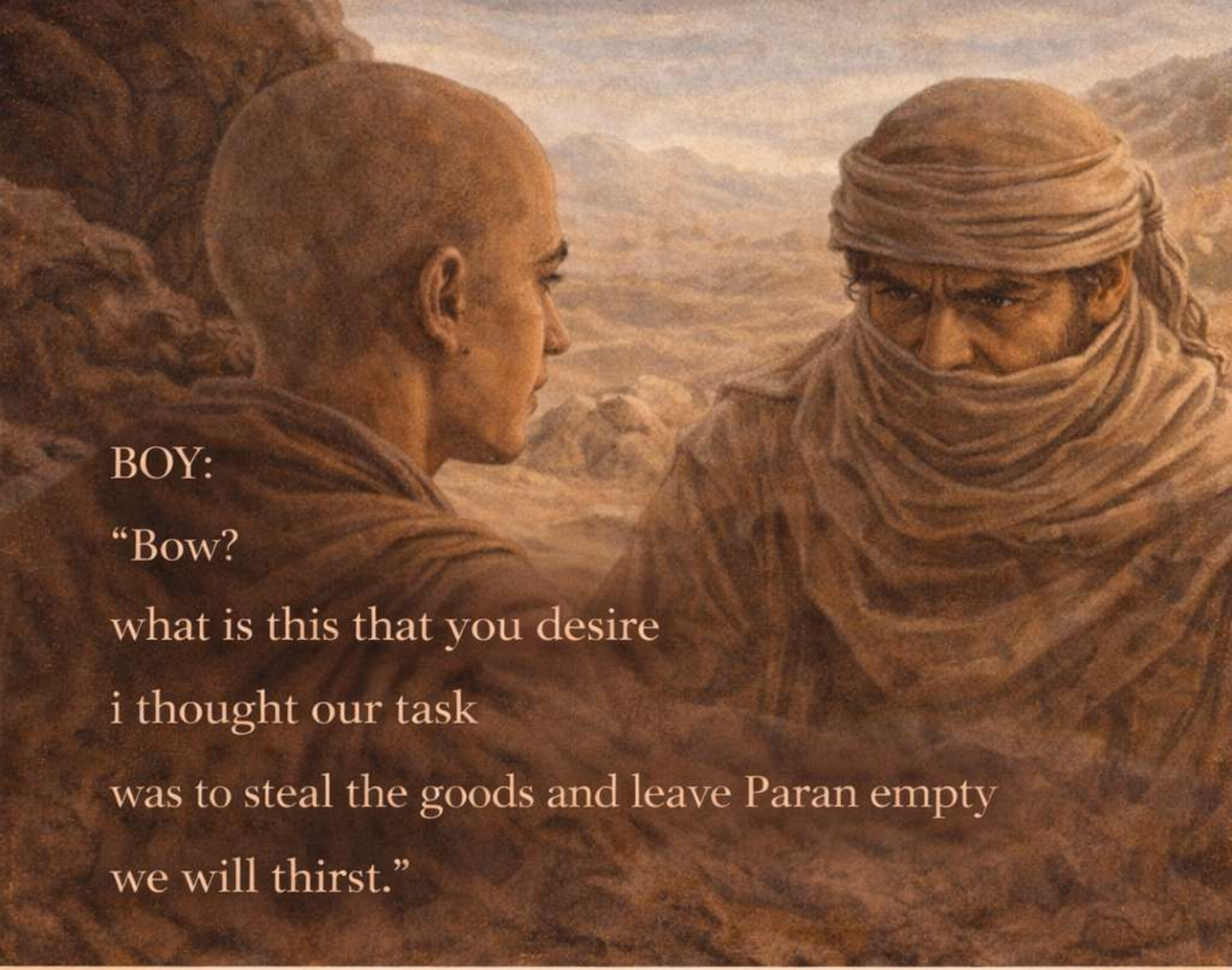
The boy watches the clan prepare an ambush.



ISHMAEL:

“We burn the wells,
kill the people of Paran,
take the routes.

They will bow to me
or starve.”

A painting depicting a scene in a desert. On the left, a young boy with a shaved head is shown in profile, looking towards the right. On the right, an older man with a weathered face and a beard is wearing a light-colored turban and a matching face veil (litham). He is looking back at the boy with a serious expression. The background shows rolling sand dunes under a hazy, golden sky.

BOY:

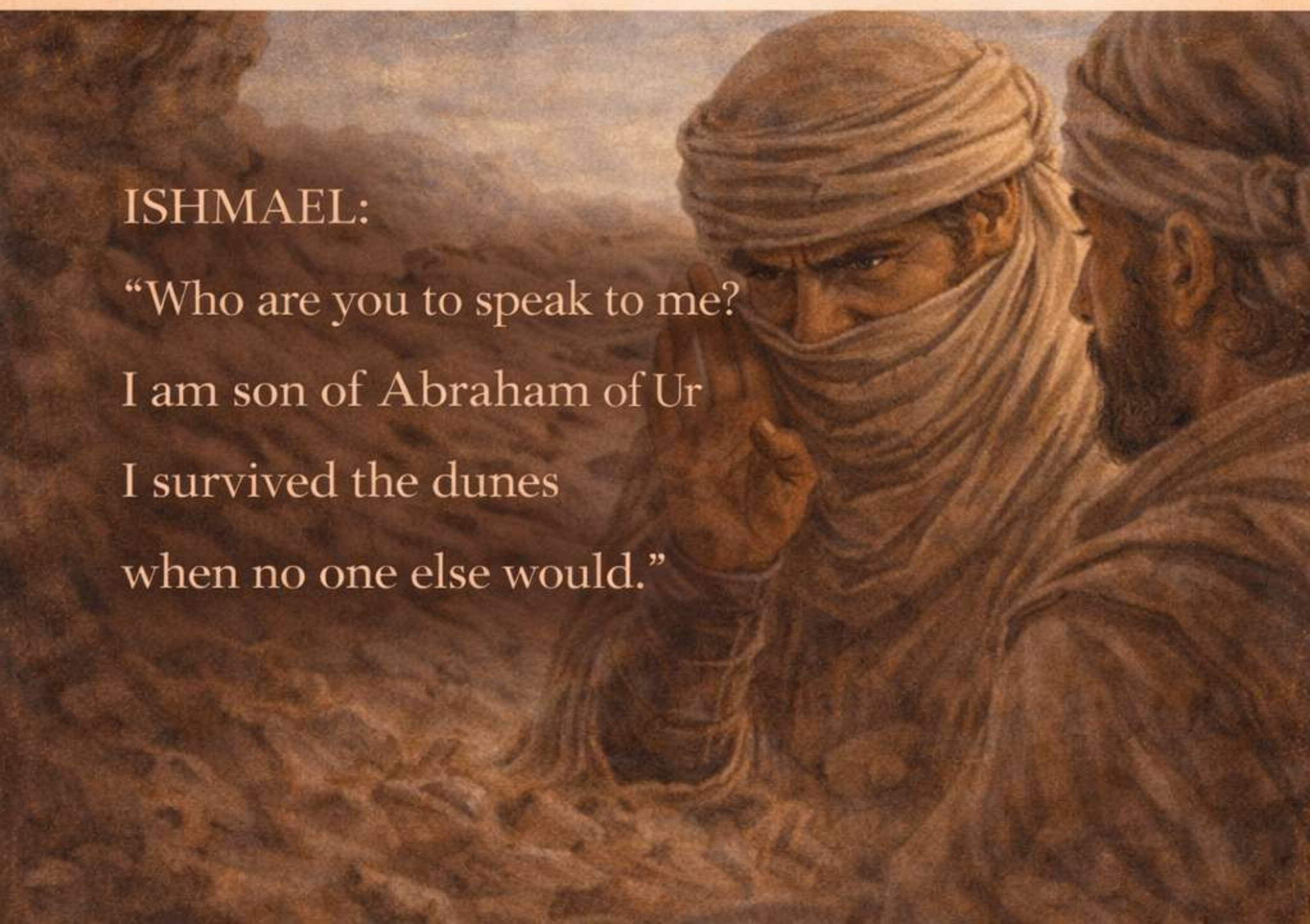
“Bow?

what is this that you desire

i thought our task

was to steal the goods and leave Paran empty

we will thirst.”

A painting showing two men in a desert setting. The man in the foreground is wearing a light-colored turban and a face veil, looking down with a somber expression. His hand is raised near his face. Behind him, another man is partially visible, also wearing a turban. The background consists of sand dunes and a hazy sky.

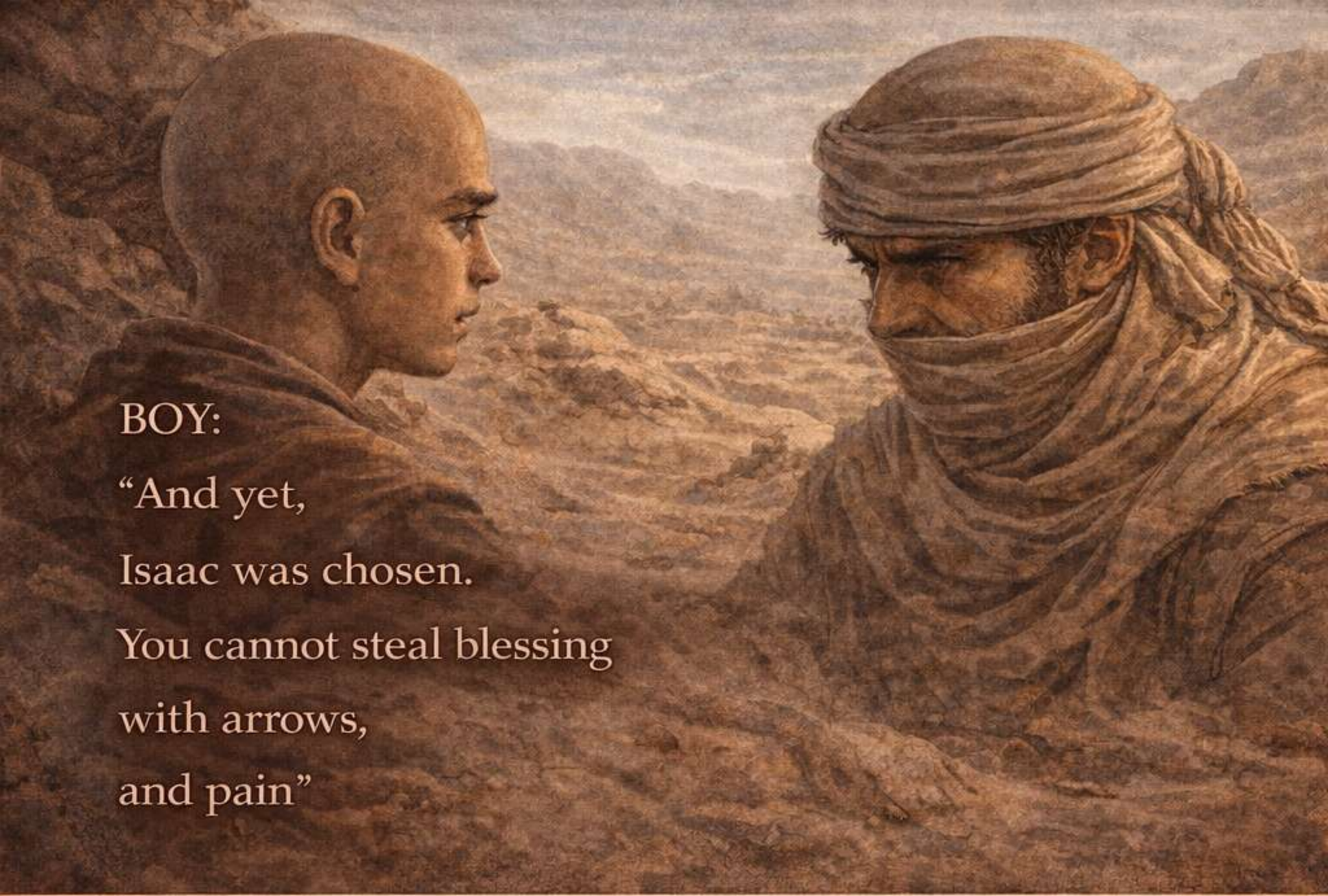
ISHMAEL:

“Who are you to speak to me?

I am son of Abraham of Ur

I survived the dunes

when no one else would.”

A young boy with a shaved head, wearing a dark robe, is shown in profile, looking towards an older man. The older man, on the right, has a beard and is wearing a turban and a long, flowing robe. He is looking down at the boy. The background is a vast, arid desert landscape with rolling hills and a hazy sky.

BOY:

“And yet,

Isaac was chosen.

You cannot steal blessing
with arrows,
and pain”

THE COLLAPSE

The plan unravels.

A group of men in a desert landscape, some holding swords, with a city in the background. The men are wearing robes and turbans. One man in the foreground is holding a sword. In the background, a city with stone walls and towers is visible on a hill. The sky is hazy and the ground is rocky.

Some of Ishmael's own men falter,
their loyalty shaken.



The ambush fails.

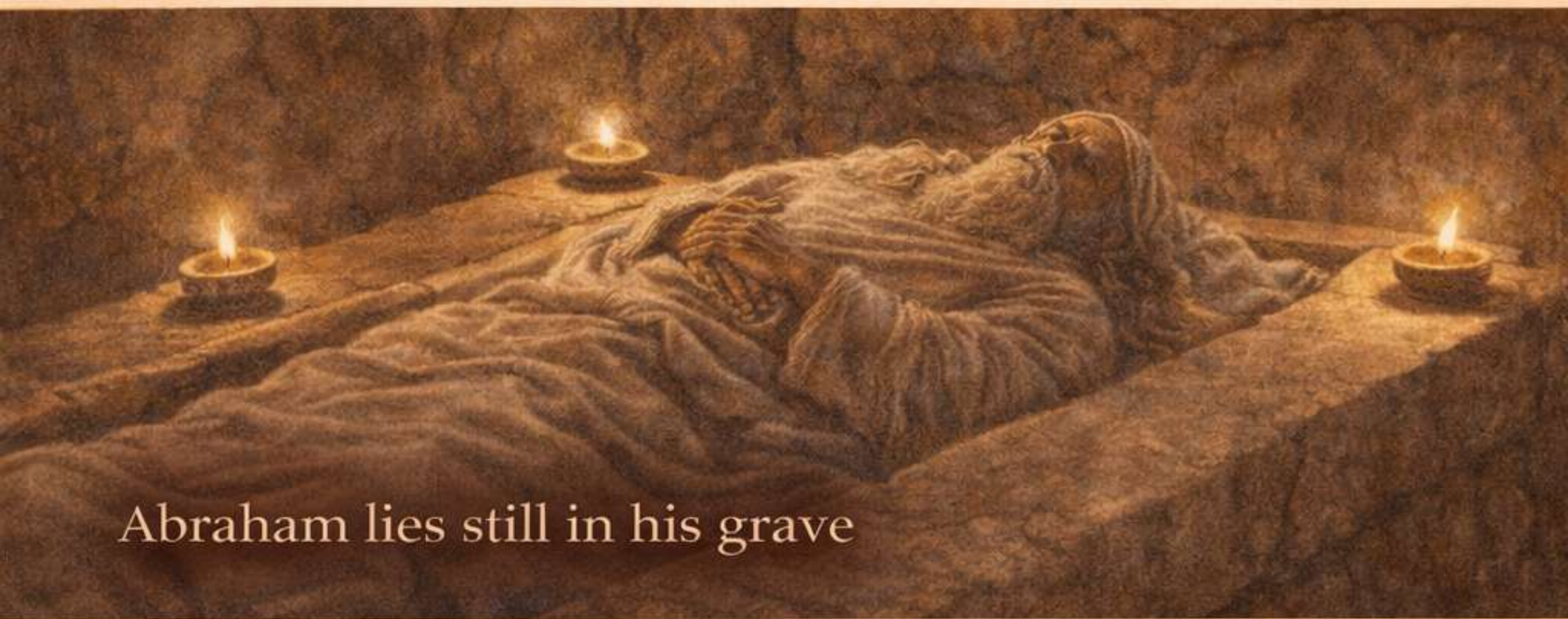


Ishmael's warriors scatter into the dunes.





INT. CAVE OF MACHPELAH – TWILIGHT



Abraham lies still in his grave



Two sons stand together
for the first time in years.

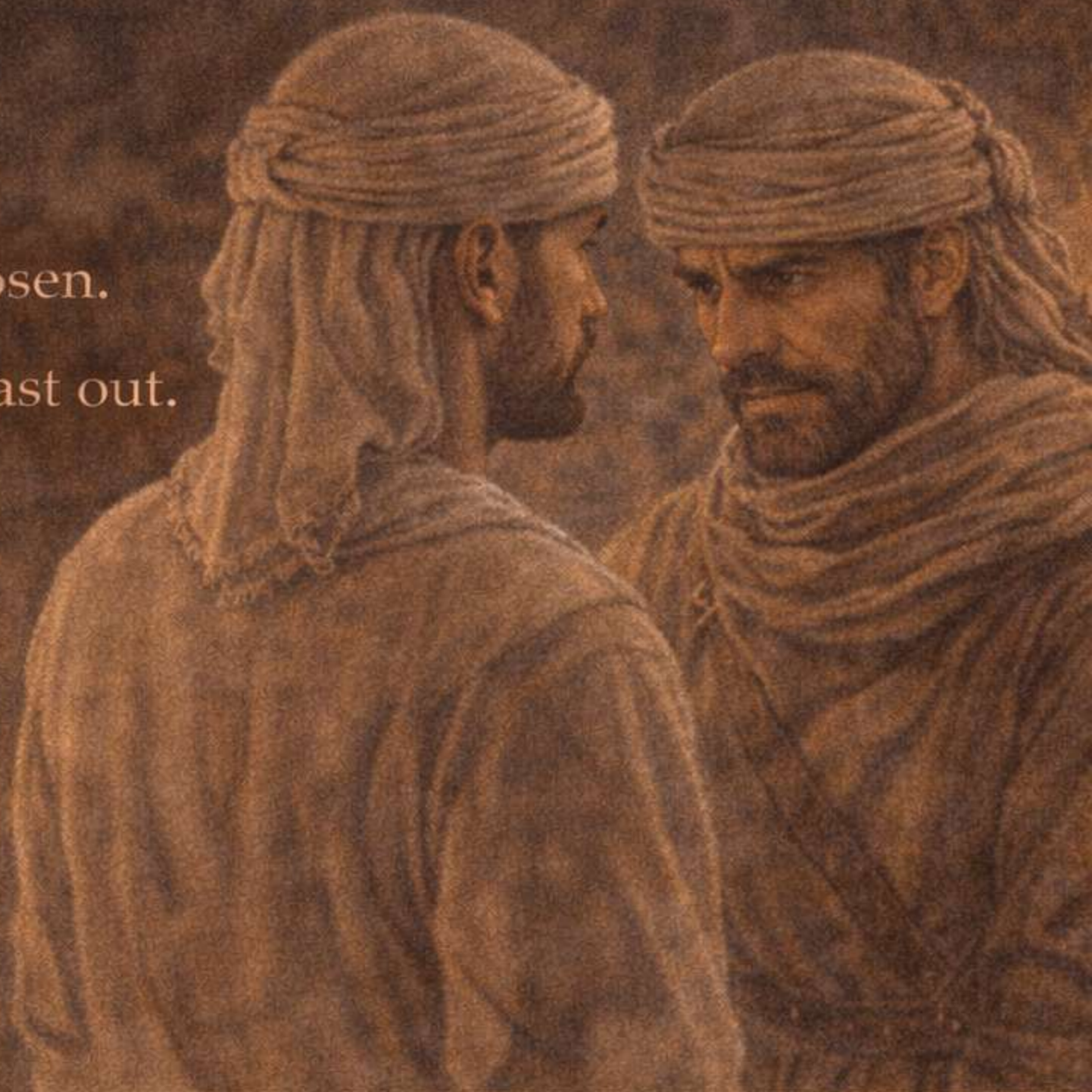
ISHMAEL:

“You were chosen.

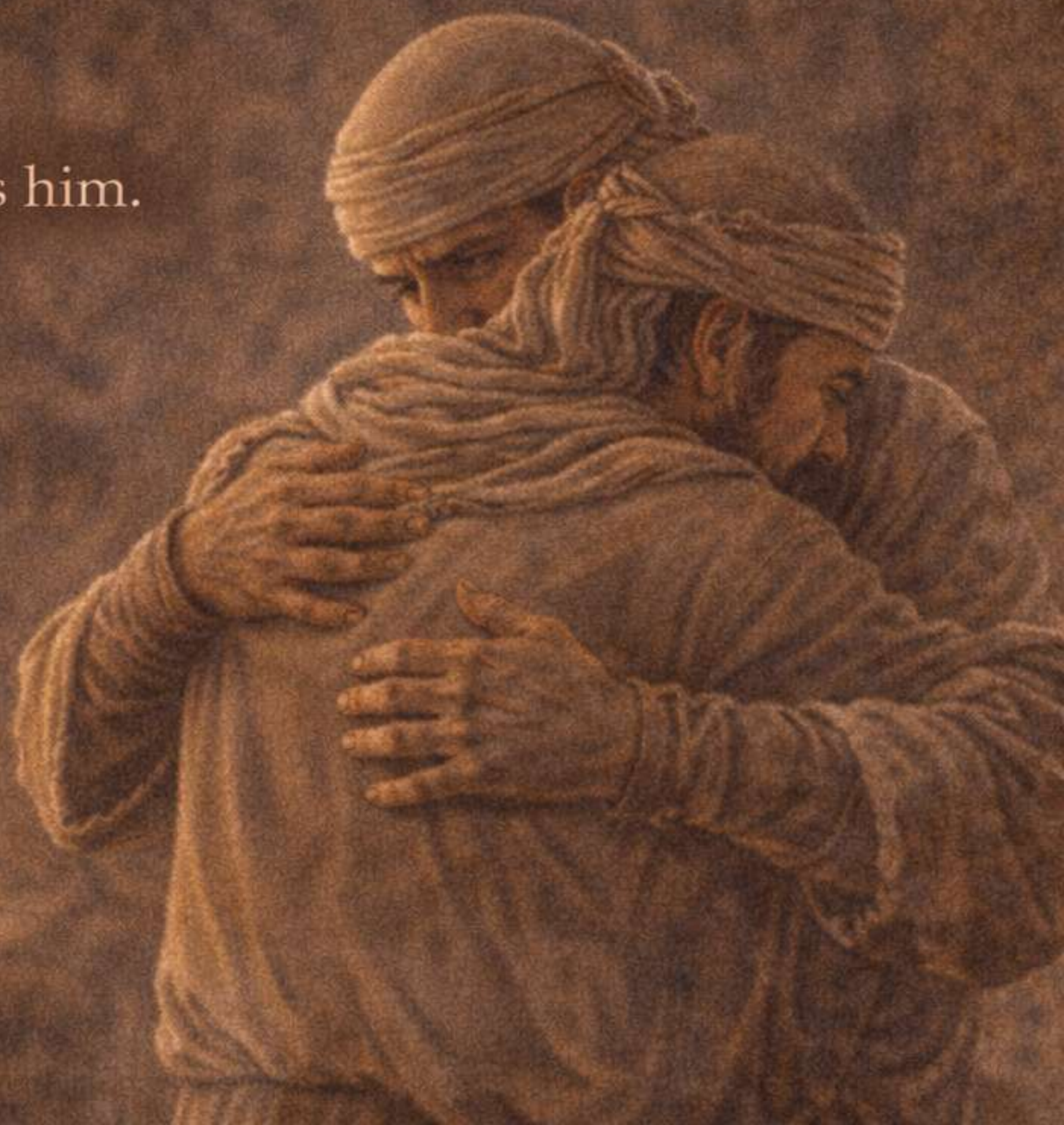
While I was cast out.

Why, Isaac?

Why?”

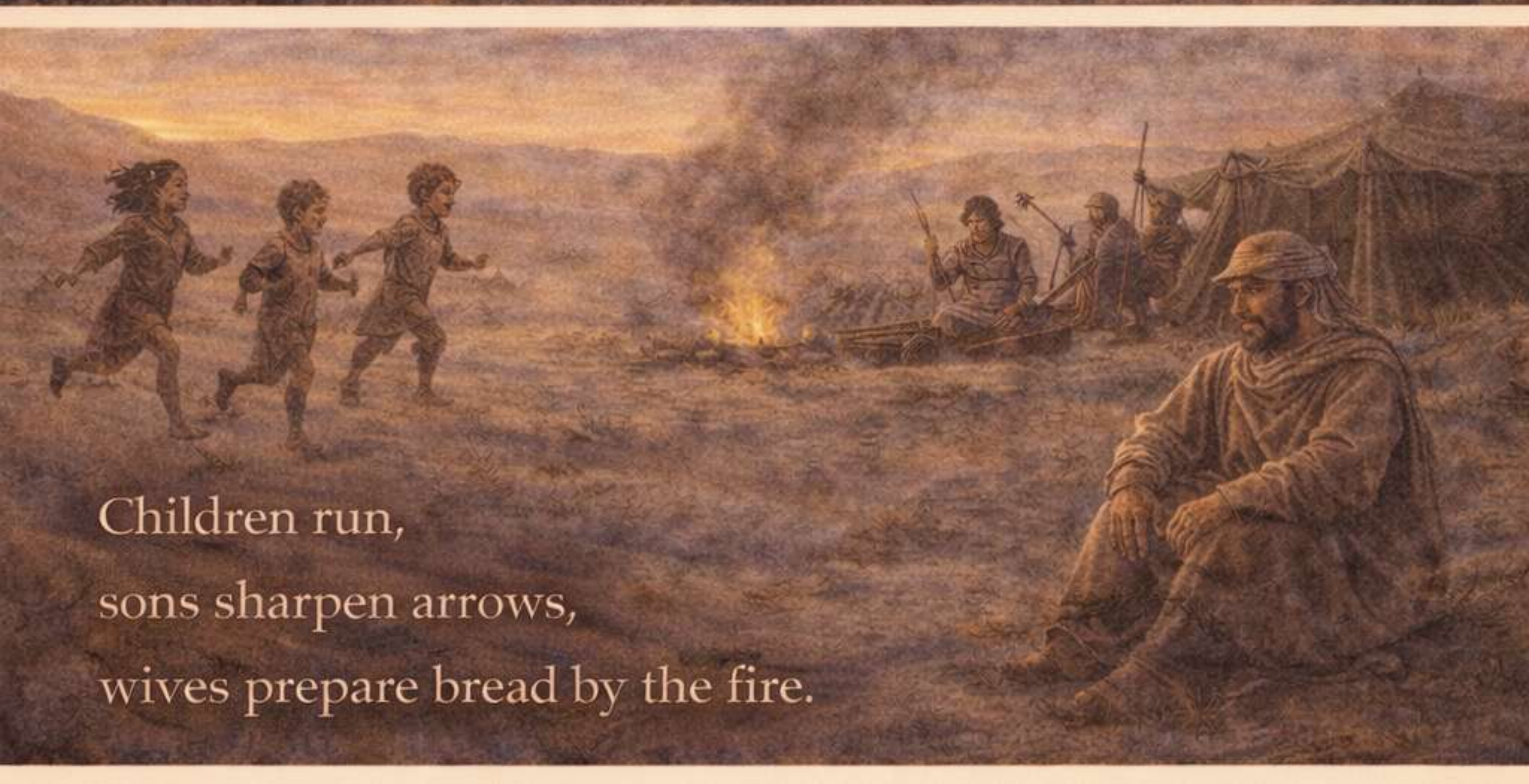


Isaac embraces him.

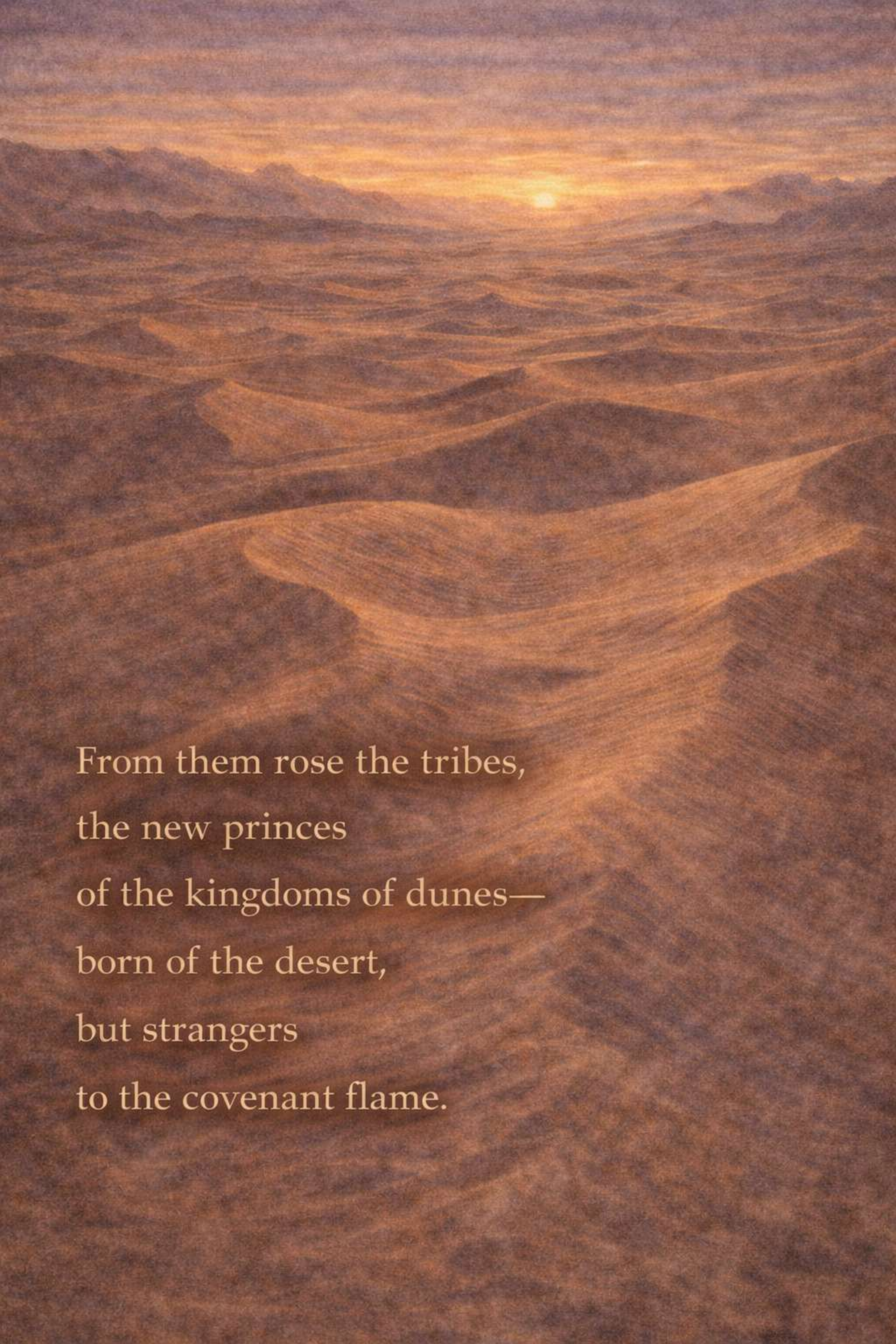




EXT. PARAN — YEARS LATER — SUNSET



Children run,
sons sharpen arrows,
wives prepare bread by the fire.



From them rose the tribes,
the new princes
of the kingdoms of dunes—
born of the desert,
but strangers
to the covenant flame.